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MUSCOVITE CAUTION.

RUSSIA.—I would like to have the honey, but I'm afraid of the bees!



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LASTING.

THE PIRATE.—Yes, Captain; I've had a few drinks.

THE CHIEF.—Quenched your thirst, have you!

THE PIRATE.—Well, no, Captain; it is n't that kind of a thirst!

SOCIETY NOTE.

MADAME VAN RENSSELAER BRANNIGAN, of Tompkins Square, E. C., has issued cards for a tea next March 17th, for the benefit of the Boer-Celtic Green Cross Society's vessel "Erin," now being fitted up at Gowanus as a navy for the South-African Republic. There will be a musical and dramatic programme, the *pièce-de-résistance* being Miss Birdie McGlue's recitation of "Tay, Tay, Tay," the masterpiece of the Celtic Kipling, Terry Foy. Miss Olga O'Brien will interpret "Lalah Rookh," which has greater vogue in Tompkins Square than the Rubay'at of Omar Khay'am. Miss Imra Murphy will contribute *une Danse Caractéristique*, accompanied on the pipes by Giuseppe McCann. The Misses Camille O'Brien, Paulina Brady, Heloise Reilly and Fifi Donnigan have consented to preside at the urns; and the following members of the younger bachelor set are to mix fancy drinks: Sigmund

THE GUST OF WIND, THE NEW HIGH HAT AND THE SLIPPERY SIDEWALK.

A COMBINATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.



BOTH.—Phew! Quite a windy day!



STOUT PARTY.—Confound *****!!
SWELL PARTY.—Hi! There goes my hat!



STOUT PARTY.—*****!!
SWELL PARTY.—Dear me! I see no signs of it!



STOUT PARTY.—Did I see your hat? Naw!
I saw stars!



"———!"

Shaughnessy, Herman McGurk, Jean Moliere Sullivan, Guy Chauncey Flynn and Clarence Chumley O'Grady. In the dispensing of these drinks the Hunter's Point and Hoboken brands will prevail: McClusky Shake-down, McGurk Chaser, Chop Suey Rickey, Bellevue Julep, Blackwell Grip, Rag-time Punch.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

"Is n't Joubert Vice-President of the Transvaal Republic?"

"Yes; and he has shown that it is possible for a vice-president to keep his name before the public."

THINKING OF "FAUST."

MEPHISTO (*to latest arrival in Hades*).—Well, what do you think of me?

THE ARRIVAL (*a patron of the opera*).—To tell the truth, you don't come up to my expectations. You ought to see Edouard de Reske in the part!

MONDAY MORNING NEWS.

IN THE CHURCHES YESTERDAY.

DR. MADISON C. BLEATERS PREACHES ON CORSETS.
TELLS HIS CONGREGATION THAT WOMAN WOULD BE BETTER WITHOUT THEM.

DR. J. G. SNODGRASS PREACHES ON THE POLICE FORCE.

REV. MR. JONES ON MATRIMONY.

SAYS NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

WILL MILLIONAIRES BE SAVED? ASKS THE REV. Q. T. LIGHTHEAD OF A LARGE CONGREGATION ON THE EAST SIDE.

These sermons are timely, and it is readily to be seen what deep thought and study were required to prepare them.

We are, however, sometimes at a loss to discover whether we are

listening to the opinionated composition of a school-girl, or to the utterances of a grown and educated man.

The Bible is a large book and a good one. Is it possible that it contains something for our instruction?

THE MILITARY American in the Philippines is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and the Filipinos.



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GOOD ADVICE.

FERDY.—She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do?
PERCY.—See a little more of the world, old chap!

THE GREATER DIFFICULTY.

"I hear," said the washing-machine agent, "that the amateur dramatic club of this village expect to tackle 'Cyrano de Bergerac' in the near future. Do you suppose they will be able to get together a cast sufficiently strong to present such a play as that?"

"Wa-al," replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, "I kinder imagine they 'll find it a durn sight easier to git a cast to play it than they will to git enough other folks to act the part of an audience."

IN UTAH.

"It was a great mistake," said the Mormon, referring to his third marriage; "I should have let well enough alone."

"You were happy when you had two wives?" asked his friend.

"Oh, yes! When I had two wives I held the balance of power."

LET US BE LOGICAL.

"It is claimed that an electrical current passing from Canada to the United States and used by a Canadian company to operate American machinery should pay a duty of twenty per cent."

"Of course it should! We ought to keep out the pauper electricity of Canada."

DEPTH.

"He is successful as a yellow journalist, is he?"

"Oh, yes! They say he has no inferior!"

FROM THE good things we remember about ourselves and the bad things other people remember about us a pretty complete biography might be compiled.

SOME EXTREME theologians are said to hold that it is as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for the assessors to discover all his taxable property.



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AS TO THE NEW BABY.

LITTLE SISTER.—Was I ever as little as her?

NURSE.—Yes, indeed, you were!

LITTLE SISTER.—My goodness! how I 've grown!



ALL GREEN.

SHEA (*arrayed for the 17th Parade*).—Shure, whin O'Leary sees me he'll turn grane wid invy!
MRS. SHEA.—Av he does, begorrah! yez won't be in it wid him!

HIS FEELING.

INQUIRING TOURIST.—Tell me, what were your sensations while you were crouching in your cyclone cellar with the terrible tornado raging just above you?

KANSAS FARMER.—Wa-al, I reckon it's safe to say that I felt sorter under the weather.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

MRS. GOOD.—Ah! there is nothing which causes so much misery as liquor!

THE TRAMP.—Beggin' your pardon, Ma'am, I t'ink t'irst causes more mis'ry dan anyt'ing else.

HER SARCASM.

MR. SNARLEY.—I never was one that wanted to get something for nothing.

MRS. SNARLEY.—Well, that is about what happened when you married me!

FAULTY CONSTRUCTION.

"De Smithers says he is the architect of his own fortune."

"Yes; but it's probably lucky for him that the building inspector did n't happen around while he was making it."

EXCLUSIVE.

MR. NEWROCKS.—I don't think you'll be able to work your way into Mrs. Ayleet's set.

MRS. NEWROCKS.—Well, we'll see.

MR. NEWROCKS.—It's a tough job, Maria. They're regular anti-parvenus.



WHEN BOB'S AWAY AT SCHOOL.



H! dear delightful season, all
Too rare and far too brief!
Sweet time when silence soft doth fall
As falls the floating leaf!
'T is ushered in with slam of gate,
And out with flying stool;
And quietude doth rule in state
When Bob's away at school.

Upon the porch the tabby cat
With blinking eyes doth doze,
In tranquil dreams forgetting that
Her life's a round of woes.
And Towser, stretched upon the grass,
In visions of the pool,
Forgets to bark at feet which pass
While Bob's away at school.

What blessed charm enfolds the house
Throughout that season rare!
Each buzzing fly and cheeping mouse
Sleeps sound within its lair.
The elms beside the garden gate,
So freshly green and cool,
Scarce stir their giant limbs sedate
When Bob's away at school.

But all too soon it fades away.
"Hi, Towser! Sic her, sir!"
Puss leaps the fence, a dash of gray,
Towse just a yellow blur!
Bang! goes the door! In runs the lad!

And yet the chap's a fool
Who'd not be just a little glad
When Bob comes home from school!

Richard Stillman Powell.

WE WISH intellectual women might dress more *à la mode*. It would take a good deal of the conceit out of them to come in contact with fashionable dressmakers.

As a general thing the man who kicks gets more exercise than satisfaction.



THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

EDITH.—Who gave the bride away?

ETHEL.—Well, her young brother shouted, "Hooray! she's married at last!" right after the ceremony.

THE VIEWS OF VIOLA.

ON BROTHERS.



"ROTHERS," said Viola, sinking her chin in her hand and speaking in the manner of one who has, after much deep thought and study, arrived at an indisputable conclusion, "brothers are bothers!"

There being no contradiction, Viola returned to her embroidery and again became intent upon the fashioning of a spray of purple and yellow forget-me-nots.

"What? Oh! that is all! Brothers are bothers! I mean one's own brothers. Others brothers—dear me! is n't that awkward?—other *persons* brothers are sometimes rather nice. But just let a brother belong to you and your life is a burden thenceforth and forever! I wonder"—speculatively—"if Job had any brothers. Do you remember? How silly! Of course, you don't remember even who Job was! Who was Job? Why, Job was—was in the Bible. Before that? Job, sir, is not mentioned before that."

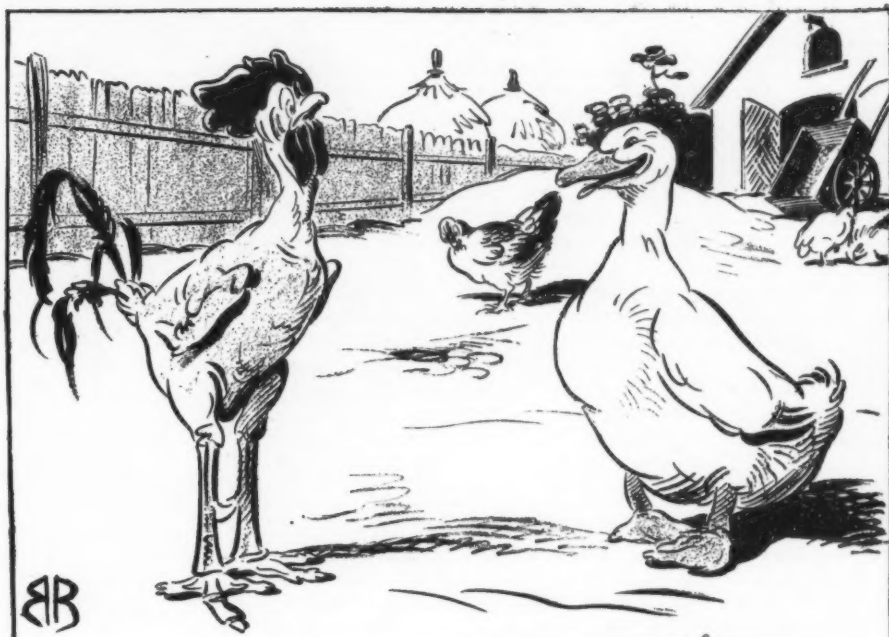
Viola smiled triumphantly and whirled the embroidery about on her needle. Then the smile vanished and she sighed dolefully.

"Arthur's the worst. You see, Arthur has just finished college. A brother just out of college is the worst kind of all. They're so—so desperately superior! Oh, dear! we're none of us happy and comfortable any more! If Arthur does n't go off sailing next month, as he threatens, we shall all be idiots; I know we shall! Poor Mama suffers more than any of us, I suppose. She never wears a wrapper any more because Arthur does n't think them nice; he says they're too 'crumple'—whatever that may be. And Papa has given up his blue serge suit because Arthur told him the other morning that blue serge was 'half-and—.' We don't know what 'half and —' is, and we're all afraid to ask.

"And that's not the worst! We had to let Wilson go, because that terrible brother said she was n't good style, lacked *chic*, and all that. How, I should like to know, can you expect a Cockney English girl to have *chic*? He thinks Marie is lovely, because she says 'Bon jour' through the key-hole to him every morning when she brings him his hot water. And now he's making trouble in the stable. He says the pair 'look like thirty cents at a church fair,' and is trying to make Papa sell them and get a pair of blacks; Arthur has a friend who says that black horses are the thing in London.

"And as for me—! Well, I'm in a state of nervous prostration, exasperation and indignation all day long. Arthur does n't like my dresses, can't stand my shoes, informs me hourly that I don't hold myself right, and—Oh, dear! why were brothers invented? And he does n't approve of the place at all. Oh, dear, no! 'Wavecrest' is far too small and retiring, and not swell enough for him. Says people might think, to look at the house, that Papa was a retail shoe-dealer or an auctioneer in moderate circumstances. Oh! I do wish he'd go away. My back aches trying to hold my shoulders back at the correct angle; I don't dare wear any dress save this and my gray tweed street dress; Papa is ruining his health trying to smoke Egyptian cigarettes; Mama is getting hysterical from changing her dress so often; and Patrick swears he is going to leave Monday if Arthur does n't stop trying to make the cob jump hurdles in the meadow.

"Tom? Oh! Tom's not nearly so bad; and, besides, he's away 'most all of the time. You see, Tom has been out of college two years now, and is very busy trying to find a vocation. At least that's what he says he's doing. Though what sort of a vocation he expects to find at Rangely or Moosehead I'm sure I don't know. Last Winter he went to Porto Rico, you remember, to look for an 'opening.' But he only staid



THE WARRIOR'S PRIVILEGE.

THE ROOSTER.—Yes; I did have a fight with that rooster across the road.

THE DUCK.—Said you'd conquer or die, did n't you?

THE ROOSTER.—Well, suppose I did? I'm not the first party that ever changed his mind in the middle of a battle.

two weeks; he did n't like the way they make soup in Ponce. Just at present he's in Maine looking up vocations with a fishing-pole.

"I believe that the way to deal with brothers is to put them in a school just as soon as they are able to go, and keep them there until they're twenty-two; then ship them right off to London or Paris and never let them come home at all until they are sober. Yes, sober! They come out of college in a state of disgusting mental or moral intoxication, and it takes two or three years to get over it. If they spent those two or three years away from their homes somewhere it would be lovely."

Viola snipped a yellow strand of yellow floss with a pair of toy scissors, put her head on one side and admired her handiwork.

"Of course, it is very much Papa's and Mama's faults. They should make Arthur understand that he is not—not 'the whole thing,' as he says. They let him do what he likes and say what he likes. It's enough to make any boy silly. If it was n't for me, there'd be no living with him; he'd be a regular tyrant. He's had enough as it is. But I've just made up my mind that I won't be—be sat on by him any longer. And I don't care if he does n't like my gowns! I'll put on my blue challie directly after lunch; you just see if I don't! And I'm tired of wearing these horrid shoes. I'm just going to show him that—"

Viola paused and looked intently down the road to where a man on horseback was trotting along under the elms. Then she threw an apprehensive glance down at her shoes, seemed relieved at what she saw, straightened her shoulders, and smiled somewhat embarrassedly:

"That's He," she said. "I do wonder if cook has pineapple fritters for lunch; Arthur is so fond of them. He rides well, don't you think? And—Oh!"

Viola's expression changed to one of breathless horror.

"Would you mind—that is, will you please—I think you had better put your pipe away; Arthur just hates pipes!"

Richard Stillman Powell.



GETTING EVEN.

YOUNG JACKSON.—Mr. Johnson, your daughter has promised to marry me!

OLD JOHNSON.—O Lawd! Dat's wot comes ob refusing to buy her a pug dog! She said she'd get even wif me, some way!

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

(Modern Edition.)



T CONCERT, opera and dance,
Untiring, bland, with subtle eye;
Plump, shrewd and fifty — or, perchance,
She is not plump, did clothes not lie;
Equipped by long experience
To scent afar the least *faux pas*;
Suave, tactful, wise while seeming dense;
Behold her, Love, the "dear Ma-ma!"

She knows the value of them all;
Of every Her and every Him; —
The many fishes, great and small,
That in the social current swim.
By what adroitness from her lure,
With courteous and ruthless twitch,
She disentangles Genus Poor,
And tempts approach of Genus Rich!

What chance, oh, Love! is there for you,
When in the stream your line you fling?
I wonder that you ever do
Succeed in catching anything!
Slight hope your pannier to fill,
Despite your lore and dimpled curves,
If "dear Ma-ma," with artful will,
Is poaching on your pet preserves!

Edwin L. Sabin.

HIS PRONUNCIATION.

MRS. HORNBEAK (*in the midst of her reading*).— Ezry, how do you pronounce "table d'hôte?"

FARMER HORNBEAK.— Why, I pronounce it — er — er — a darn roundabout way of gittin' something to eat.

THE MEEK may inherit the earth, but if they ever try to get possession they will have a hard time proving their identity.



THE DOWNTRODDEN SEX.

MRS. HENNYPECK (*on election morning*).— Now, remember what I say! Vote the straight ticket, except for Mayor, School Commissioner and Councilman. Scratch those! And, on your life, don't forget to vote for the Woman's Suffrage Amendment! It's a shame that we women can't have something to say about this government!



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ENVY.

NEWSBOY.— Extrée! Great fire at Oppensteyn's!

BURNUPSKI.— Mein cracious! T'ink of dot feller hafin' a fire big enuff to issue an extra apoud it!

RECRIMINATION.

The Profession accused the Corset.

"It is you," declared the Profession, "who make women delicate and frail!"

"How unjust!" protested the Corset, warmly. "I'm not nearly so conducive to ill-health among women as are doctors who wear brown beards and look too sweet for anything!"

THE TRIAL OF LOVE.

He hied himself to Cupid's Court; —

"A trial! A trial! Oh! fix the day!

One witness only have I brought,
My bleeding heart — Exhibit A."

And when she came and heard the plea,
Oh! wonder of the trial day!

"There's no defence; we rest," said she,
And lost — but won "Exhibit A."

LIKE IN OTHER FIELDS.

DONOHUE.— Phwat d' yez suppose would happen if wimin wor allowed t' vote?

HOGAN.— Bad luck t' thim! Sure, they'd do it so chapely th' min would give up votin' in disgusht!

BREAKING EVEN.

ARKANSAW JUSTICE (*to spectator, who has just entered*).— Huck Buckleby, I fine you ten dollars for contempt of court!

BUCKLEBY.— Huh, 'Squre! I hain't said a word yet!

ARKANSAW JUSTICE.— I know it, but that thar hoss you traded to me last week has got a spavin, and this is prob'ly the only chance I'll have to git even with you. Fork over, or go to jail!

THOSE WHO, HAVING TONGUES, HEAR NOT.

"Of course, you have heard 'Lohengrin'?"

But what a question is this to ask of a woman who moves in the best society and subscribes for a box at the Metropolitan Opera every season!

APPETITE.

"It is terrible," remarked the Brooklyn man, looking up from his local newspaper, "the way some people become the slaves of their appetites! Now, here is the account of a woman who pawned her husband's last shawl, in order to get money to buy India-rubber plants with!"

EVEN THE square peg in the round hole may accomplish something by pegging away.

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PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A LITTLE WAR CLOUD.

AFTER FIVE months' fighting the British superiority in numbers begins to tell. The military situation is now said to be all that the most patriotic Englishman could expect. But we are asked by the European correspondents to believe that the political situation is less assuring; that "the gravest apprehensions exist in quarters which possess actual knowledge of impending dangers." In support of this they cite the Government's appeal to the colonies for information as to the greatest number of fighting men available in case "it is necessary to use the present South African force elsewhere." Russia and France are the joint inspiration of these fears. And there is little question about what they would like to do if they felt sure of the power to do it. They will probably take it out in wanting, however. France may be mentally impaired, but hardly to the eclipse of her snop-keeping instincts, now in the ascendant by reason of her Exposition. Russia is neither mentally impaired nor reckless, and in waiting for a better opportunity will doubtless see the present one disappear. She would like the honey but she fears the bees.

SMALL BUSINESS.

THE TITLE of the Porto Rican tariff-bill passed by the House is: "An Act temporarily providing revenue for the relief of the Island of Porto Rico and for other purposes." The italics are ours. Among the "other purposes" is that of assuring the protected monopolies that large favors may still be profitably bestowed upon the Republican party. It was an unhappy device for reaffirming this truth. What President McKinley in an unpolitical moment described as "our plain duty," and what Secretary of War, Root, declared to be "demanded by the highest considerations of justice and good faith," namely: free trade with the island, had won a very general assent throughout the country. The chance was come to show that "benevolent assimilation" was not, as many have contended, a phrase of mere sanctimonious sleekness. Porto Rico was formally ceded to us by the Treaty of Paris. It is as much a part of the United States as New York or California. It is in a bad way industrially and needs generous treatment. Instead of generous or even fair treatment it gets such as Great Britain, with all her imperialism,

has not tried to put upon one of her colonies since the year 1776. The result has been a prompt and gratifying outburst of indignation, not only from Democratic but from orthodox Republican sources. That the President has felt this resentment to be genuine and widespread is attested by his message requesting authority to give back to Porto Rico the money it has thus far been robbed of. It is small business, all around. If the Republicans in the Senate are alive to their party's welfare they will reject the bill.

A FRAUD EXPOSED.

IN AN envelope marked "Official Business—Free," and emblazoned with the device "John F. Shafroth, M. C." instead of a two-cent postage stamp, we are in receipt of a document entitled "The Boer War and the Duty of the United States Relative to the Same; speeches of the Hon. John F. Shafroth of Colorado in the House of Representatives." Enclosed with this is a printed "Extract from leading editorial of the *Washington Post* of February 12, 1900." This extract discloses, among other things, that Mr. Shafroth "has done great service to the cause of truth and justice." Possibly. Yet we shall not read Mr. Shafroth's speeches because we believe that a man capable of bilking his country out of a portion of its postal revenues is incapable of forming an opinion of value on any subject. We should like to know under what construction of what law the *Washington Post's* opinion of Mr. Shafroth's opinions becomes "Official Business" for the dissemination of which we must all be taxed. We believe the penalty for the offense of which Mr. Shafroth appears to be guilty is a fine of three hundred dollars; and we hereby point him out to the postal authorities as a possible easy mark.

TAMMANY WAYS.

MR. COLER has apparently never learned that the taxpayer of this city is a joyous, reckless spendthrift who is never so happy as when he is being relieved of money for the support of the local monarchy. In upon a symposium of the ministers of the Court, where everything is calm and holy and Irish, he bursts like a true *enfant terrible*. He blurts out that "things are worse now than in Tweed's time," and that "robbery of the city is now perfectly legal." As if we did n't all know it! And he goes on to say that when he, in his innocence, sends to Albany a bill to prevent this wholesale theft, the corporation counsel, the city's legal protector, goes to Albany to kill it. Of course he does! Is n't his name Whalen? And is n't it necessary that our absentee King be abundantly provided with revenue for the maintenance of his various establishments abroad? If the situation presents any mystery to Mr. Coler, if he can't see why the tax-payer is n't alarmed when he is told of robbery, let him wait until next election and note the tax-payer's behavior. The President of the United States, Senators, Congressmen, Governors, all our great and good men, will tell him that he may consider Imperialism, Trusts, National Currency, Protection or Old Glory; but that to consider any issue remotely bearing upon his own selfish interests is treason to his country and to one or the other of the grand old parties. Now, the tax-payer knows he is n't a traitor, and so he remains a party man. And, although he has found that being a party man insures his being robbed by one party or the other, his heart is still true. He would rather be robbed any day than not vote the good old straight ticket. That is why the Comptroller's revelations don't startle him.

SCANDAL.



THE BRITISH, you understand, always advance with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other. Hence the scandal in the War Office, when it is discovered that the troops at the front are being supplied with an archaic edition of the Scriptures.

The country clamors ominously and a parliamentary inquiry impends.

THEIR POLICY.

"You do get out a pretty lively sheet," said his friend.

"We try to," said the *Evening Shouter* man. "Our aim is to give the public more excitement for a cent than any other paper in New York."

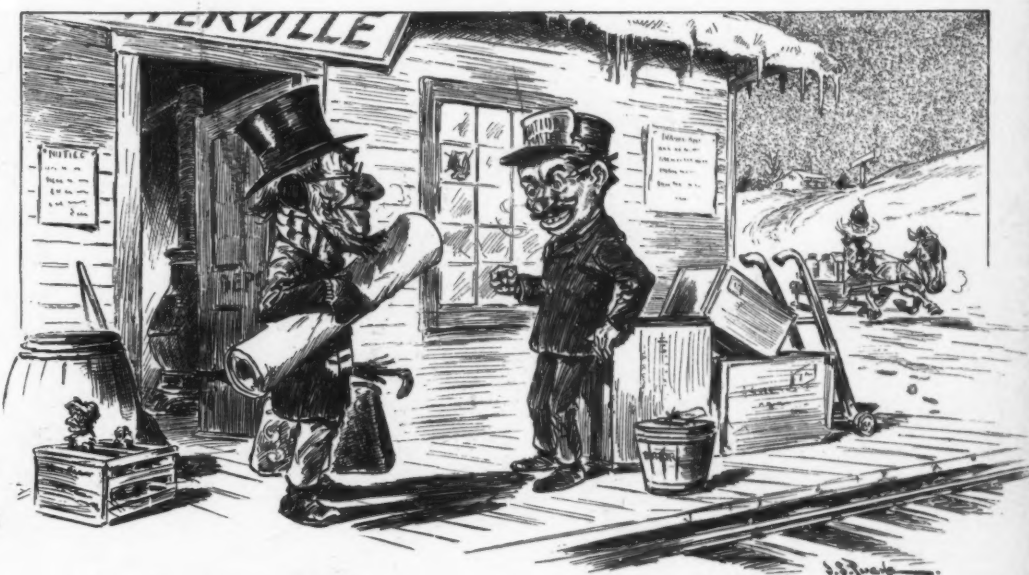
BECOMING FAIRER.

"Africa was once the Dark Continent," sighed the Kaffir chief; "but it's getting quite Khaki-colored now."

PREPARED FOR IT.

HIS WIFE.—If you can stop reading about the Boer war for a few minutes, I have something to tell you about the cook.

THE SUBURBANITE.—Yes? Is she going to trek?



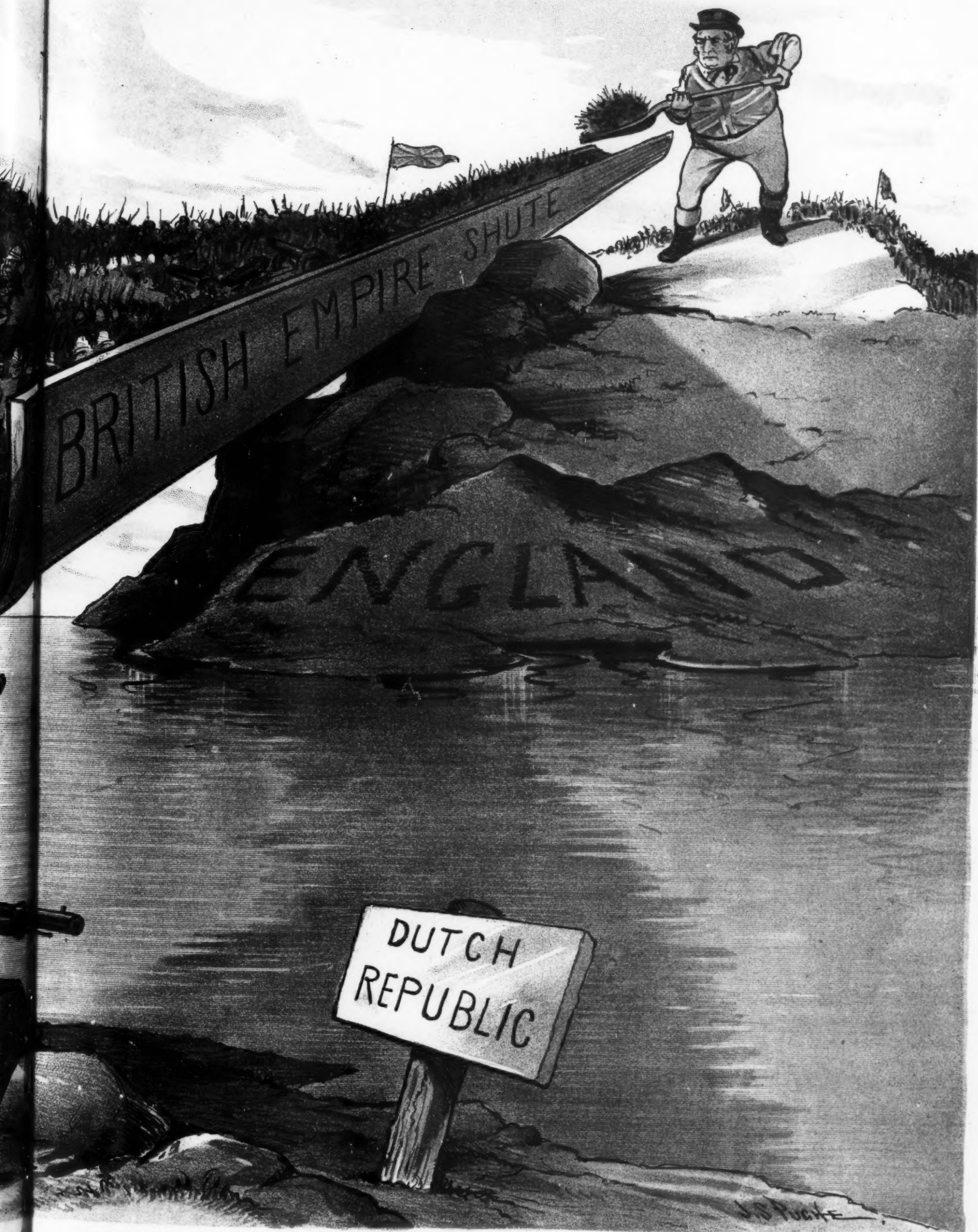
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A CAUTIOUS HELPMEEET.

STATION MASTER.—What you got there, Deacon? A petition to the legislature?
DEACON WHIFFLETREE.—Oh, no!—this is simply a list of the plays my wife wants me to keep away from while I'm in New York!



PUCK.



CH FOR HIM!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

CHAPTER V.—MAGERSFONTEIN AND THE TUGELA.



HERE WAS soon news from me Lord Methuen. It kem be way av Praytoria. There was terrible cannonadin' all day, an' a great battle the next day, says the dispatch. That 'll do for the prisint, says the cinsor. Break it to thim gintly, says he. An' thin kem a rumor from Cape Town that a big battle had been fought. An' not a wur-rud from Methuen. An' at last kem the story from Methuen av what he had run up ag'inst. As he wint further into the counthry, it appears, his difficulties increased; particularly the difficulty av pr-ronouncin' the names av the places he kem to, which grew longer an' more daysoidedly Dutch at ivery shtep. The toughest av these places was M-a-g-e-r-s-f-o-n-t-e-i-n, an' whin he kem there he made great preparations for the attack. He spint all day Sunda' shellin' the Boer position, an' Monday mornin' before dayloight, he sint the Hoighland Brigade, led be the famous Black Watch, to take the tranches at the p'int av the bay'nit. But the tranches was n't in the place Methuen thought they was, at all, an' the Black Watch walked into a barbed woire fence behoidin' which a congr-egation av the Dutch Rayfur-rumed Chur-rch was houldin' a meetin'. An' niver in all its histhoric histh'ry did the Black Watch get sich a raycption as it got thin. Well, the Hoighlan' Br-rigade did n't do much more foightin' thot day. An' the rest av the ar-rmy suffered less, but did n't accomplish anny more. An' Methuen waited to see if they 'd raythrate in the noight, but they did n't, an' so he fell back to his ould position. But there 's wan thing Oi 'll say for Methuen—he did n't call this a victh'ry.

Well, that was a har-rd blow to London. Some payple thought he wud raynew the foight ag'in, an' Oi have n't the laste doubt he wud have done it if he had anny show av winnin'. He was so near Kimberley thot he was signalin' it ivery noight to kape a shtiff upper lip, an' Kimberley was signalin' back thot it was doin' thot same; an' so it was in a way thot won the admiration av fri'nds an' foes.

An' now the hope av the Br-ritish nation risted on Gin'ral Buller. He had n't been licked, an' he had n't walked into anny thrap, an' iverybody thought, be the lingth av toime he was takin' to get ready for his foight thot the Boers wud be in a bad way whin he got through wit' thim. Well, it was n't long before news kem from Gin'ral Buller.

You see, whin Gin'ral Whoite was cooped up at Ladysmith, or, at anny rate, jist before thot, if he had n't been too pr-rroud to raythrate, an'

if he lost no toime about it, he cud have fell back on a place called Colinso. But, seein' thot he had no use for Colinso, the Boers tuk it an' desthr'yed a foine railroad bridge acrost the river thot wud have been very handy for Buller to bring up big guns to raylayve Whoite. An' so whin Buller got ready to cross the river there was nothin' to do but wade. But before doin' thot he banged away at thim all day wit' big guns an' they did n't rayply, it bein' a new docthrine av the Dutch Rayfur-rumed Chur-rch not to notice artillery until it gets near enough to capture it. An' after the thriminjus but inifictual cannonade, he sinds out his infanthry to wade over, wan column bein' led be me ould fr'ends the Con-naught Rangers thot Oi wanst thought cud lick purty much annything they cud see—but mebbe they could n't see annybody on this occasion. Annyhow, they won't be havin' the name av thot battle embr'idered on their battle flags, an' nayther will annybody ilse on their soide. But the worst sufferers was the artillery. The big guns was sint to the fr-ont to play havick wit' the Boers four moiles away, an' mebbe they wud if the Boers in the immayjit neighborhood had n't played havick wit' thim; but, annyhow, the upshot av it was thot the Boers tuk tin av thim guns wit' ammunition enough to blaze away wit' thim at Buller or Whoite, as the case might be. But Oi 'll say for Buller what Oi said for Methuen, thot he did n't mistake the battle for a victh'ry. There was some bould newspaper min thot recaptured the guns the nixt mor-rnin', but it did n't seem to raylave the Br-ritish moind very much.

Well, the great Br-ritish payple braced up ag'in an' called out what



PUCKOGRAPHS.—XLIV.

NEW YORK'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY;—HE HAS TRIALS OF HIS OWN.

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NOT TO BE OUTDONE.



MISS VAN SWELL (*proudly*).—Yes; it is the last one Papa killed in India!

MISS PACKINGHAM (*aside*).—H'm! That must be the proper thing!



MISS PACKINGHAM (*some time later—loftily*).—Aw, ya-as! It is the last one Popper killed before he quit the business!

foightin' min they had left, an' did n't mob the War Office nor lynch Joe Chamberlain nor raylave their feelin's in anny other way thot 'd seem natural an' pr-roper to their neighbors on the Continent. They sint for Lord Roberts who had a foine war ricord in Inja, an' for Lord Kitchener who had licked all Egypt, an' ordered thim to go an' thry their luck wit' ould Joubert an' Cronjee an' Schalkburger. The War Office had less news to give out than at anny toime before; the Oirish was happier than at anny toime since Brian Boru won the battle av Clontarf; Paris was howlin' wit' j'y; Berlin was n't sheddin' anny tears, an' the ould Dutch families in New York was sayin' to thimsilves, "Jist see what ixcellent foightin' shtock we come av!"

An', as Oi say, Roberts an' Kitchener wint out to thry their luck.

A PEACEMAKER.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I say the century began on the first of January, nineteen hundred.

SECOND CITIZEN.—I say it begins on the first of January, nineteen hundred and one!

THIRD CITIZEN.—Say, why can't you compromise this? Why not let it begin on the Fourth of July, nineteen hundred?

UNFORTUNATELY.

"It is a shame," said the Reformer, "that a seat in the Senate should go to the highest bidder!"

"Well," said the Practical Politician, nonchalantly, "in some of the states the alternative is to let it go to a lower bidder."

FREE FOR ALL.

"Is it true that a man can not hold office in the Transvaal unless he belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church?"

"I believe so; but I understand that the infantry and artillery are non-sectarian."



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POLITICS AND PISTOLS IN KENTUCKY.

GUEST.—Are n't you ever going to get new chairs and have those windows put in?

HOTEL CLERK.—Well, there is n't any use fixing things up until after we get all this year's elections out of the way!



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PROVERBially UNCERTAIN.

"She says she's sixteen, goin' on seventeen."

"Aw! I don't tink she's more 'n t'irteen! You can't b'lieve what goils say about dere age!"

CALLING THE BLUFF.

"Mary," said the great man, swelling out, "this paper speaks of me as a presidential possibility."

"John," said his wife, anxiously, "how much did that cost you?"

ON THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH.

CASEY.—'T is a pr-rroud mon, is Clancy, this day, wit' his soord an' his raygaylia.

MURPHY.—Faith, he is! He cud n't be pr-rrouder if he was a contrhactor!

CONFUSED AS TO DATES.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, Johnny, what can you tell about the wise men from the East?

JOHNNY.—W'y, w'y, I dunno!

TEACHER.—What! don't know anything about those famous wise men from the East? What did they do?

JOHNNY.—W'y, I suppose dey made fun o' de free silver craze in de West.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

"Did you say that the money is refunded if the stars do not appear?"

"Yes; if the Astorbits and Gouldfellers don't occupy their boxes."

A THEORY.

"Nearly two hundred thousand British troops in South Africa? What in the world are they doing?"

"Why, I suppose most of them are simply keeping out of traps."

LIVELY TIMES AHEAD.

WARWICK.—My opinion is that the Philippine question will be decidedly settled before the coming election.

WICKWIRE.—I don't know. You must remember that it passed through one college commencement season last year.



THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
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one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

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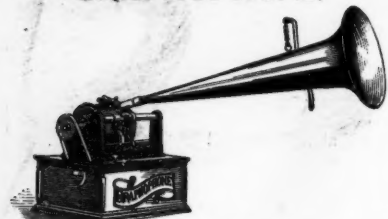
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WISE, BE CAREFUL
WHERE WHEN WHAT
YOU DRINK.
Chapel Hill
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coveries made in our laboratory. Its reproductions are as
loud as the original and as satisfying and delightful.

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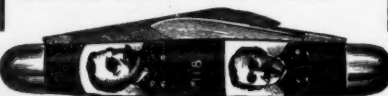
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SAN FRANCISCO, 125 Geary St.
BUFFALO, 313 Main St.
PARIS, 34 Boulevard des Italiens.
BERLIN, 55 Kronenstrasse.

IT HAD A HISTORY.

MISS FILMER.—Why does Jack call
his diamond stud his vocal ornament?

MISS BRIGHT.—Oh! there's a fellow
in Sing Sing on account of it. —
Jewelers' Weekly.

AGENTS EARN \$75.00 TO \$250.00
A MONTH



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An article of every-day use—every person a possible
customer—best of materials and workmanship. Name,
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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
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IN OLE VIRGINNY.

FIRST NATIVE.—That boy o' mine hain't good fer nuthin'! He won't hunt,
he won't fight, he won't fish and he won't work!

SECOND NATIVE.—Huh! Ef I had a young 'un like that I'd threaten ter
send him ter school!

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SPECIALLY

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WONDERLAND
1900 IS READY.

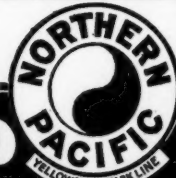
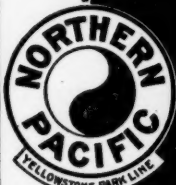
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GROWING ARMY OF ALE DRINKERS FOR A GOOD OLD
ALE HAS PLACED EVANS' BREWINGS IN THE FRONT
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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,
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Springfield, Mass.
159 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE gossips in Bible days must have
had a good time, if they knew of the
things going on that the Bible tells
about.—*Atchison Globe.*

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OPIMUM, TREATED DISEASE
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our New Method. Write in confidence. Sample Free.
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Colgate's Shaving Soap

The Force of Habit.

It is a peculiar thing that the use of Coffee and Tea has not been replaced, more than is the case, by the use of Van Houten's Cocoa.

The reason for that is to be sought in the force of habit. But habits should be broken through, and Van Houten's Cocoa taken, now that it has been proven to be a much healthier, and more delicious drink than Tea and Coffee, while at the same time so nourishing and easily digested.

For the Nerves, also, Van Houten's Cocoa is so much better; because, although it is equally refreshing, it has not the pernicious after-effects upon the nerves, such as follow after using Coffee or Tea.

It is not an expensive habit to use Van Houten's Cocoa; indeed, after actual trial of various brands, and even loose cocoa, many persons have discovered that Van Houten's Cocoa is not only the best and most delicious, but it is also the most economical.

HAVE YOU TRIED
VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE?

It is funny to be introduced to a meek, subdued looking man, and then be told he is the Past Most Worthy Grand Master of the United States, in some lodge. — *Atchison Globe*.

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Cure

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To All Sorts and Conditions of Men
Johann Hoff's
Malt Extract
Gives Health and Strength

CHILDREN are afraid of goblins and ghosts, but are their elders any wiser? They have as great fears of To-morrow. — *Atchison Globe*.

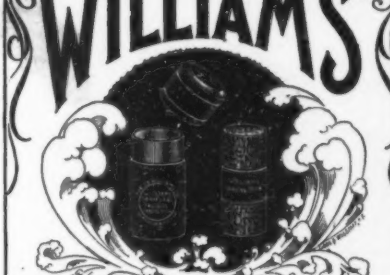
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"Yes; and it's lucky he did n't have a hair cut." — *Harvard Lampoon*.

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10 cents and 25 cents, at drug stores.

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CHEW
Beeman's
The Original
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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.



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THE SILVER LINING.

FRIEND.—But are n't you awfully crowded? I don't see how you get around at all.

HARLEM FLATTE.—Yes; we're crowded, but it has its advantages. My wife can't ask me to get up and walk the baby.

The better judge you are of Champagne the more likely you will be to choose Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry.

Renew your nerve force by daily and systematic use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. If your grocer has n't it, the druggist has. Try it.

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Those who are familiar with the Statue of Liberty from a distance are vastly surprised at its tremendous proportions when they get close enough to it to grasp them. Those who are familiar with the name and high reputation of the

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It embodies every possible characteristic of cigar perfection.

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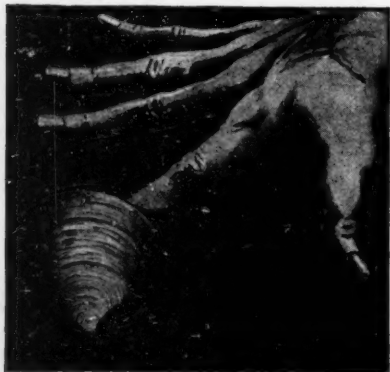
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Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK

WHEN dignity is not natural to some men, they acquire it by growing side whiskers.

—*Atchison Globe.*



BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



MATERNAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE SUITOR.—Thy mother, fair damsel, hath told thee I would wed thee and that I can support a wife in comfort?

THE DAMSEL.—Oh! yes, indeed, sir; and she hath said that it is a mistake for a maid to be too particular!

If you lack appetite, try half a wine glass of Angostura Bitters half hour before meals. Made by J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

It is the little things of life that are annoying; it is easier to dodge an elephant than a microbe. —*Atchison Globe.*

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Whether you labor with brain or muscle, the same thing makes for success—*Health*. Health depends largely upon what you eat. The same elements feed brain and muscle, and that which blends strength and flavor, but does not over-tax the digestion, is the food required.

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Ask your grocer to show you our elegant views of Northwestern Scenery, one of which he will give with each purchase of two packages. They are fine gravures, in no sense cheap, but soft; beautifully toned pictures, mounted on dark mats, size 15 by 17 inches, entirely fit to appear on the stateliest walls, and without mark or advertising of any sort

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Yes, sugar's going up so high,
Or, so we understand,
The dealers threaten, by-and-by,
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—*Elliott's Magazine.*

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are liked by well groomed people because there is nothing about Ramblers to feel ashamed of. They are correct.

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UNCLE SAM can not hope for a reduction in the price of armor-plate as long as Kentucky keeps up the turmoil. — *Washington Post.*

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1900 36th 1900

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Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRES'T.

HARTFORD, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, - \$1,000,000

ASSETS.	
Real Estate	\$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mort., real estate	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,306,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums	340,997.04
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies	259,449.36
Government Bonds	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds	3,114,997.64
Railroad stocks and bonds	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds	1,288,350.00
Total Assets	\$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve 3 1/4 per cent., Life Department	\$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department	1,500,369.22
Present value Installment Life Policies	73,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance	33,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department	100,000.00
Total Liabilities	\$23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy holders	4,020,683.95
Surplus	\$3,020,683.95

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force	\$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899	17,165,686.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	16,039,380.95
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1899	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid	339,036
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	23,695,539.94
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$2,750,394.40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920.89

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

SHE WAS BOSS.

TOMMY.—Let's play grand opera.
ETHEL.—All right! I'll be the boss.
TOMMY.—No; it takes a man to be the manager.
ETHEL.—Oh! you can be the manager, but I want to be what they call the bella donna. — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

When You Call For

"Little Whiskey"

See that the bottle is a facsimile of this cut.

Distilled for His Majesty, the Best American Citizen.

For sale by Best Dealers, Cafés and Hotels.

J. & A. FREIBERG,
Cincinnati, O.



Nestor Cigarettes

"No smoke like this" — "The crowning perfection of superlative quality"

A DEFINITION.

"What is rag-time music?" asked the young woman whose tastes are severely classic.

"Rag time," said the young man; "why, rag time is the kind of music in which the melody seems to get so nervous and excited that it begins to stutter." — *Washington Star.*



With a good conscience and knowledge we freely recommend

"BENEDICT"

as received with a bright smile and open hand.
BENEDICT BROTHERS,
Jewelers,
Broadway and Cortlandt St., New York.

A SARCASM.

"How long will it take your handwriting expert to prove that this was written by that person?" asked one lawyer.

"It may depend," said the other, who is disposed to be cynical. "On what?" "On whether he is testifying by the day or by the job." — *Washington Star.*

The Merits of the
Remington Typewriter
are an
OPEN BOOK
to the countless thousands of its users.

Absolutely Reliable Always.



Wyckoff, Seaman & Benedict
327 Broadway, New York.

IT'S DIFFERENT THERE.

"Women should have their rights," said she, with some spirit.
"True," he replied, "but in a crowded trolley car, for instance, they're not willing to stand up for them." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

"I'm goin' down east, Limpy."
"Wot for, Weary?"
"There's a fellow down there somewhere that's experimentin' with the idea of provin' that alcohol ain't food, an' I want to be his horrible example." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

We don't believe it is unlucky to spill the salt: salt is about the only thing that can be spilled on a table cloth without making a muss. — *Atchison Globe.*

BILL.—What do you do when you can't get asleep at night?
JILL.—Oh! I imagine somebody's asking me to pay 'em some money I owe 'em; that always makes me tired. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

IN THE STAGES.

"Is Mabel Evelyn Jinks 'good form'?"
"Oh! she wears her frocks all right; but she hasn't the manner yet." — *Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN a woman turns out to attend church on a stormy day, she feels that there is a tender bond of sympathy between her and the preacher not experienced by the sisters who stay away. — *Atchison Globe.*

A FELLOW can not expect a lame excuse to go very far. — *Star of Hope.*



The Eagle Won

Quality of the fruit and careful packing of these goods have driven from the market all importations or imitations.

Find out about them.
(Your Grocer.)

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries
Rheinstrom Bros.,
Cincinnati, U.S.A.

945-967 Martin Street, or
946-966 East Front Street.

An undertaking which is just now attracting a great deal of interest in the literary world, as well as among that well-to-do and well-bred element of the population all over the country, which constitutes what is commonly termed Society, is the publication of a new standard monthly magazine, "The Smart Set," the first number of which is announced to appear March 10th. Its publishers aim to supply this clientele with a magazine containing the brightest thoughts of the cleverest writers of stories, poems, sketches and witticisms, omitting those current features characteristic of other magazines. The March number will contain a satire on New York society by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor and Reginald de Koven. Among its other contributors are such well-known writers as:
Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), Mrs. Burton Harrison, Julian Hawthorne, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Edgar Saltus, Caroline Duer, Sarah Cooper Hewitt, Eliot Gregory, Arthur Grissom, Theodosia Pickering Garrison, Bliss Carman, Clinton Scollard, Carolyn Wells, R. K. Munkittrick, Charles Battell Loomis and Oliver Herford.

This is a group of smart writers, indeed, and through this announcement, together with a liberal advertising policy, they have succeeded in arousing a degree of expectancy that augurs well for the enterprise. It is safe to say that every person in the social swim who means to keep posted in regard to the smart literature of the day will find it necessary to become a subscriber to "The Smart Set."

If a young man does not begin to tire of Society by the time he is twenty-five, it is a sign that he will never amount to much. — *Atchison Globe.*

PITY the young man whose income is of the horse variety and whose best girl is always throwing out automotish hints. — *Washington Post.*

BILL.—What does Gill do for his dyspepsia?
JILL.—Talks about it. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

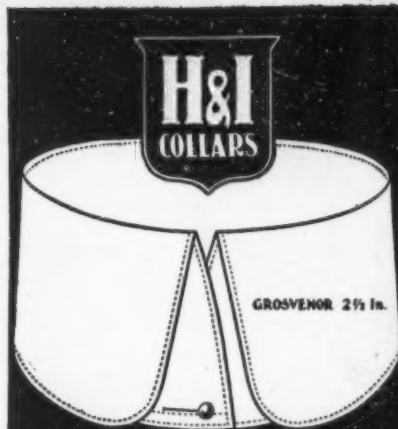
It is the favorite dream of every girl that when her marriage notice appears in the paper, at least ten men will turn pale and mutter, "Good God! I have lost her forever!" — *Atchison Globe.*

BILL.—I've been to see a palm reader.
JILL.—And did you believe what he told you?

BILL.—Yes, I did. He told me I was too easy, and then charged me two dollars. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

It is a good woman's notion that every woman whose idea of great happiness is not to have babies around her knee at night, saying their prayers, should be investigated. — *Atchison Globe.*

PATIENCE.—Why in the world does n't that fellow get married?
PATRICE.—Oh! I guess he thinks no girl will make as good a wife as his mother used to make. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



YOU OUGHT TO WEAR

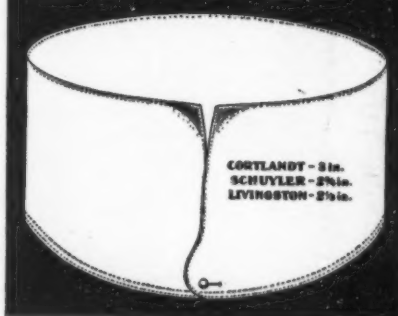
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THE SCHOOL-COMMITTEE MAN.

SOMETIMES when we're in school, and it's the afternoon and late

And kinder warm and sleepy, don't yer know,
And p'raps a feller 's studyin' or writin' on his slate
Or, may be, cheerin' paper-balls to throw,

And teacher 's sorter laxy, too—why, then there 'll come a knock
And everybody 'll brace up quick 's they can;

We boys and girls 'll set up straight, and teacher 'll smooth her frock,
Because it 's him—the school-committee man.

He 'll walk in kinder stately-like and say, "How do, Miss Brown!"

And teacher she 'll talk sweet as choc'late cake;
And he 'll put on his specs and cough and pull his eyebrows down

And look at us so hard 't would make yer shake.
We 'll read and spell, so 's he can hear, and speak a piece or two,

While he sets there so dreadful grand and cool;
Then teacher 'll rap her desk and say, "Attention!" soon 's we're through,

And ask him won't he please address the school.

THE SCHOOL-COMMITTEE MAN.

He 'll git up kinder calm and slow, and blow his nose real loud,

And put his hands behind beneath his coat,
Then kinder balance on his toes and look round sorter proud
And give a big "Ahem!" to clear his throat.

And then he 'll say: "Dear scholars, I am glad ter see yer here
A-drinkin'—er—the crystal fount of lore;
Here with your books, and—er—and—er—your teacher

Kind and dear,
And with—ahem—er—as I said before."

We have ter listen awful hard ter every word of his
And watch him jes like kittens do a rat

And laugh at every joke he makes, don't care how old it is,
'Cause he can *boss the teacher*—think of that!

I never say when I growed up I'd be a circus chap
And drive two lions hitched up like a span;

But, honest, more I think of it, I b'lieve the bestest anap
Is jest ter be a school-committee man!

Joe Lincoln.

